COURT

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET CLOTHED AGAIN.

with this ultimatum Doris left her na and started down stairs. It was take such a stand. It had bemost forcible habit with her to rebel marched down stairs to the

The old Scotch grandmother of Doris had arrived that day and I had been much interested in her reminiscences of her early life in bonny Scotland and her experiences as an emigrant to America forty years ago, when Alec was a baby just like Doris. This white-haired grandmother carried her four score years with a primness that indicated a Puritan will in perfect keeping with her views on religious and moral questions as guided by the shorter catechism. While she was a strict Calvinist, believing only in the aristocracy of the church and its elect, the old lady pointed with something akin to pride to her family tree, by which she traced her lineage back to the Duke of Hamilton, one of the greatest of Scotch families. And her husband, too, had been a descendant of a noble house, but both lines had long since diverged so as to leave her family far from the estates which went with the names, and several generations had tasted the contentment of toil. I was thinking of the "other granny," as Doris called her, when the child broke into my reverie with a remark wholly irrelevant to the talk about the dolls and the little fron soldiers.

"The skellington is in the closet," an-

"The skellington is in the closet," announced Dorls in a solemn tone, such as she might have heard others use to frighten her to bed, involuntarily my eyes turned to the photograph of a skeleton with a long sword clasped to its bony breast with its long, bony arms, and then they turned to the curtains of the closet beside the fireplace, behind which I knew was a box containing the benes gathered up from the foundation trenches when the little cottage was built. I was in that mood to half expect to see the skeleton stand forth just as he appeared in the photograph.

part to see the skeleton stand forth just as he appeared in the photograph.

THE GROST OF DORIS COURT.

But instead I saw another red-coated soldier, as like the two little fron guards as they like each other, but taller than their long shadows which lay upon the floor. He was in full uniform as were they, but he carried no sword. But what startled me most was the instant impression that I had seen the man before. There was something familiar about the erect form, the handsome face, and the noble presence of one born to command. As I studied for a moment this stranger my mental telescope adjusted itself for long range to sweep the past, and then I saw that these suggestions of familiarity came from a resemblance to some features and traits I had noticed in the doctor.

The stranger might have been the doctor himself twenty years ago, before his bushy hair had grown white, and a gray beard to cover the almost boyish face of the man before me would have made him the doctor's double, I had never seen the doctor as a young man, but this stranger suggested a younger brother. As I stared at him the stranger reached up with his long, right arm and took down from the wall the rusted old rapler which hung high up over the fire-place. Doris was as friendly and familiar with this third sociler as she was with the little iron soldiers on the hearth, and she chirped out. "Take a wocking chair, big soger and wock."

"Not to-night, my little Lady Lindsay," said the stranger. "On this night I must take my sword and go out to examine the outposts and see that the little fort is safe from attack." This was a strange declaration regarding Doriscourt, where doors were left unlocked all summer long and where the only sounds that disturbed the cottagers at night were the barking of the seals on the ledge in the bay and the chirp of the crickets. I have never seen a more peaceful spot or one which suggested less disturbances and danger to the dwellers.

As he fondled the rusted sword the tranger remarked to me, or to himself; 'It doe THE GHOST OF DORIS COURT.

He said that he was a Lingsay, and he called Doris Little Lady Lindsay, said I, as much to myself as to the Doctor.

"It may be. My family belonged to the Lindsay clan, and you know Sir William Lindsay, the youngest son of the Lord of Crawford, is the first Earl of Crawford given in 'Burke's Feerage.'

"In the seventeenth century Earl Ludovic, sixteenth Earl of Crawford, died without maie issue and resigned the earldom into the hands of King Charles I. for a regrant in favor of Lord John Lindsay, a remote kinsman to the prejudice of his nearer heirs. Ludovic was a prisoner at New Castle at the time and there is a tradition that he only secured his liberty by this transfer of his title and his estates to John, who was a warm adherent of King Charles and who was imprisoned in the Tower by Cromwell when Charles was beheaded, but was restored to his estate after the restoration and the ascention of Charles II. to the throne. There was the break that sent my ancestors out of a great estate and an earldom. This soldier may have been one of those young kinsmen of Earl Ludovic who was passed over for Lord John, and he may have sought to serve King William and good Queen Anne by enlisting in the war in the colonies, as did many young Englishmen of rank. Who knows? Perhaps the ghost is right, and the sword that could not be returned to the halls of Balcarres in S. orland may appropriately hang on the walls of Doriscourt as an evidence of the prowess of my clan and my kinsmen."

"And the plaid which Doris wears?"

"That was the plaid of the Lindsay elan. It has long remained in the family. My mother brought it with her from Scotland years ago as one of the momentos of the family. A Scotchman never severe were from the next that he is

of my clan and my kinsmeen."

'And the plaid which Doris wears?"

'That was the plari of the Lindsay clan. It has long remained in the family. My mother brought it with her from Scotland years ago as one of the momentos of the family. A Scotchman never gets so away from the past that he is not proud of the clans that made his courtry so famous in history and so picturesque in romance. He clings to the traditions of the clan as do Englishmen to a name. He loves the coors of the clan as he loves the colors of his country, and he clings to the old plaid with the same tenacity that he does to the Shorter catechism. My family have not been exempt from this weakness, if you call it such, and I must confess that while an American the sight of the old plaid stirs in me emotions akin to those that are inspired by the sight of the American flag. To-day Doris were the plaid in honor of the visit of her grandmother, and did you notice how tenderly the old lady picked up the child and said she was a wee Scotch lassie? There was a double bond of endearment in her grandchild. She was the newest of the race, the youngest of the family of grandchildren, and she wore the plaid that recalled the earliest traditions of the clan. In that dress Doris bridged centuries of conditions and across it marched the thoughts and traditions that have come down from the old castie in Scotland to the cottage of Doriscourt by Casco Bay." And the doctor looked long into the fire as though he too were crossing that bridge formed by tradition and memory with the old plaid at the bearing, and the sweet baby face of little Doris at the other beckening him on in his dreams. But one thing is certain. He would never retrace the path across the bridge to the other shore, with its towering castles and wide estates and grand titles, for Doris makes Doriscourt by the Sea grander and more beautiful than anything that was lost when his family ceased to be heirs to the Earldon of Crawford and he became a plain dector in Chicago, who files away to the coast of

faint measure, our sense of loss and bereavement, we, the citizens of Williamsburs, do now adopt and set forth the following preamble and resolutions:
Whereas, it has pleased an Allwise
Providence to take from us our beloved
friend and fellow-citizen, Dr. Charles
W. Coleman, be it resolved—
That we will try to accept with resignation, the mystery of his sufferings, and
the deep loss which we individually and
collectively have sustained. That we
tender to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in their affliction. That
we will place upon the walls of Burton parish church, where he so long
worshipped, a tablet to perpetuate his
name and his merits. That a copy of
this paper be sent to the family of Dr.
Coleman, and be given to the Virginia
press for publication.

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